Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke one mé,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou aquiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt the tyrany,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard started out of a dreame.

K Rich. Giue me anothrr horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie,
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I haue murthered
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I: the earely village cocke,
Haue thrice done salutation to the morne.
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in proose, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Vnder our tents Ile play the ewese-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.